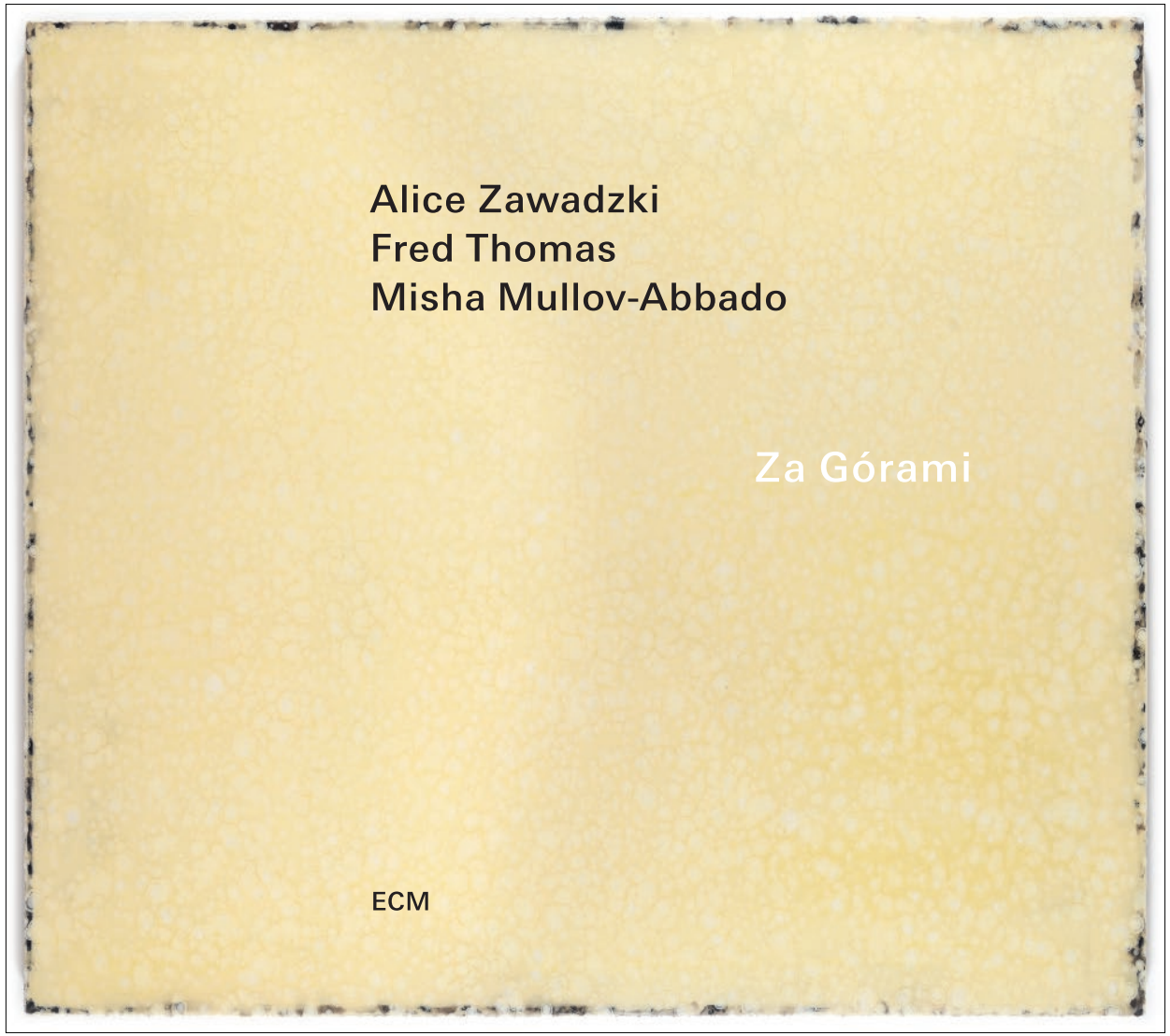

Alice Zawadzki
Fred Thomas
Misha Mullov-Abbado
Za Górami
ECM

Za Górami

Alice Zawadzki	voice, violin
Fred Thomas	piano, vielle, drums
Misha Mullov-Abbado	double bass

1 **Dezile A Mi Amor** 5:33
Ladino traditional

2 **Suéltate Las Cintas** 6:22
Gustavo Santaolalla

3 **Los Bilbilikos** 5:24
Ladino traditional

4 **Tonada De Luna Llena** 5:11
Simón Díaz

5 **Nani Nani** 4:40
Ladino traditional

6 **Je Suis Trop Jeunette** 7:25
after Nicolas Gombert

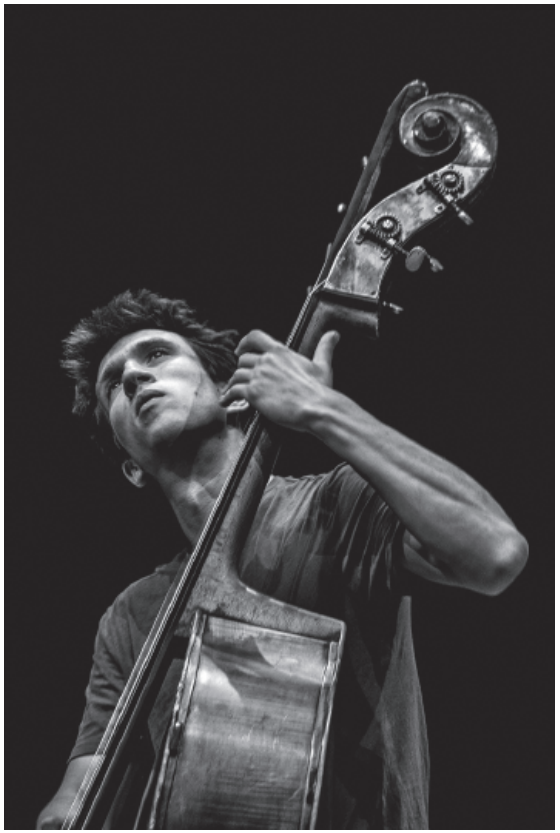
7 **Za Górami** 6:41
Alice Zawadzki, after the Polish traditional

8 **Gentle Lady** 4:43
Fred Thomas, text by James Joyce

9 **Dame La Mano** 3:41
Ladino traditional

10 **Arvoles Lloran Por Lluvias** 4:29
Ladino traditional

All arrangements by Alice Zawadzki,
Fred Thomas and Misha Mullov-Abbado



Behind the Mountains

Za Górami (Behind the Mountains) is much more than a geographical place, though the cautionary tale of the young Małgorzatka certainly paints the Polish Carpathians vividly. An ancient rallying cry, this cryptic phrase summons something transcendental, reminiscent of 'Once upon a time…' It's in this spirit of openness that the ten stories of our album *Za Górami* unfold.

Collected on our travels and taught to us by our friends, these are songs we have learnt and loved together. Though our musical and cultural backgrounds encompass Europe, Russia and South America, we were all three born in England. This happenstance was the product of love, war, exile, the arbitrariness of borders and the yearning for a new life – all themes which are themselves woven through the narratives you'll hear within. Gathered from Argentina, France, Venezuela, Poland and the deep well of Sephardic culture, these folk tales speak to the moon, the mountains, the rain, the madness of humans and the prophecies of birds.

Our trio relies on the intimacy of deep listening and a trust in our long-standing friendship. The discovery of what each song wanted to be was a patient process of contemplation, omission and distillation of ideas, animated by the flexibility of our instrumentation: voice, piano, double bass, violin, vielle and percussion. *Za Górami* was recorded behind the mountains of the Lugano Prealps, under the nurturing guidance of Manfred Eicher. In the RSI's Auditorio Stelio Molo, whose unique acoustic encourages delicacy of sound and space, we strived to be both free and controlled, to tread softly and to summon the night.

Alice Zawadzki, Fred Thomas, Misha Mullov-Abbado

Dezile A Mi Amor

Dezile a mi amor si mi bien kiere
Ke traiga la mula y me yeve,

Mas ke yo no puedo ir a la piede,
Ke yueve menudito y me mojare.

Dezile a mi amor si mi bien ama
Ke traiga la mula anda kabalga,

Ay, la lluvia en la casa de mi amor!

Tell My Love

Tell my love, if he cares for me,
To bring a mule to carry me,

I cannot go by foot,
The heavy rain will soak me.

Tell my love, if he loves me well,
To bring a mule at the gallop,

Ah, the rain in my lover's house!

Suéltate Las Cintas

Suéltate las cintas
De tu cabello y la falda
Y devoremos la noche y hasta el alba,
Así, ahí, muchachita descalza.

No necesitamos cielo
Si vos tenes a mi espalda
Y la cintura enlazada,
Así, ahí, tu cintura de plata.

Si mañana en el pueblo
Te ries sola, espera!
No digas el secreto en que me llevas,
Así, ahí, junco, flor, miel y arena.

Untie The Ribbons

Untie the ribbons
Of your hair and skirt
And let us devour the night until the dawn,
There, like this, barefooted girl.

We don't need the sky
If you have my back
And I your waist encircled,
There, like this, your waist of silver.

If tomorrow in the village
You laugh to yourself, wait!
Don't tell the secret that carries me,
There, like this, reed, flower, honey and sand.

Los Bilbilikos

Los bilbilikos kantan
Kon sospiros de amor,
Mi neshama, mi ventura,
Estan en tu poder.

La rosa enflorese
En el mes de Mai,
Mi neshama s'escurese
Sufriendo del amor.

Mas presto ven mi alma,
Mas presto ven kon mi,
Mas presto ve kerido,
Korre y salvame!

The Nightingales

The nightingales sing
With the sighs of love,
My soul, my destiny,
Are in your power.

The rose blooms
In the month of May,
My soul grows dark
With the suffering of love.

Come swiftly my soul,
Come swiftly to my side,
Come swiftly my love,
Run and save me!

Tonada De Luna Llena

Yo vi de una garza mora
Dándole combate a un río,
Así es como se enamora
Tu corazón con el mío,

Luna, luna llena menguante…

Anda muchacho a la casa
Y me traes la carabina
Pa matar este gavilán
Que no me deja gallina.

La luna me está mirando
Yo no sé lo que me ve
Yo tengo la ropa limpia
Ayer tarde la lavé,

Luna, luna llena menguante…

Song Of The Full Moon

I saw a black heron
Fighting with the river,
That's how your heart
Falls in love with mine,

Moon, full moon waning…

Boy, get you home
And bring me my rifle
To kill this hawk,
Who leaves me not a single hen.

The moon is staring at me,
I don't know what she sees in me,
I have clean clothes,
I washed them only last night,

Moon, full moon waning…

Nani Nani

Ay, durmite mi alma,
Durmite mi vista
Ke tu padre viene kon much alegría.

Ay, avrimex mi dama,
Avrimex la puerta
Ke vengo kansado de arar las huertas.

Ay, no, avrir no vos avro,
No, no venix kansado,
Si no, ke venix kansado
De onde nuevo amor.

Vos venix de nuevo amor.

Je Suis Trop Jeunette

Je suis trop jeunette pour faire un ami
Mais je suis bien prête d'en faire un joli,
S'il est a ma porte il aura mon cœur,
Je laisserai mon père, ma mère, mon frère, ma sœur
Et irai seulette au bois avec lui,
Cueillir la violette pour passer l'ennui.

S'il veut me promettre de me tenir seule,
Seule à être aimée et de tout son cœur,
Jamais aurai autre seulement que lui
Pour roi, prince, comte, qui vive aujourd'hui
Et irai seulette au bois avec lui,
Cueillir la violette pour passer l'ennui.

Lullaby

Ah, sleep my dearest,
Sleep my life
For your daddy is coming, full of joy.

Ah, open up my lady,
Open the door
For I come weary from ploughing the fields.

Ah, no, I shan't open, not to you,
No, you are not weary
But come tired
From your new lover.

You come to me from your new lover.

I'm Too Young

I'm too young for a lover
But I'll change my mind for a handsome one,
If he comes to my door he can have my heart,
I'll leave my father, my mother, my brother, my sister
And I'll go all alone to the woods with him,
Pick violets to pass the time.

If he'll promise to love me only,
Love no-one but me with all his heart,
I'll never love another but him,
No king, prince, nor count alive
And I'll go all alone to the woods with him,
Pick violets to pass the time.

Za Górami

Za górami, za lasami,
Tańcowała Małgorzatka z Husarami,

Przeszedł ojciec, przyszła Matka
„Choć do domu, Małgorzatka",

„Ja, nie pójdę, idźcie sami,
Wolę tańczyć z Husarami,

Oj, nie pójdę, bo się boję,
Upiłam się z Husarami ledwie stoję,

Mam gorsecik kolczyk z kulkiem,
Będę tańczyć z całym pułkiem"

Wysłała ptaka przez szare niebo
By swą wiadomość głosił piosenką:

Nie wracam do domu.

Małgorzatka tańcowała
Póki się nie postarzała.

Zacznie zima w palce dmuchać
Trzeba było Matki słuchać.

Gentle Lady

Gentle lady, do not sing
Sad songs about the end of love;
Lay aside sadness and sing
How love that passes is enough.

Sing about the long deep sleep
Of lovers that are dead, and how
In the grave all love shall sleep:
Love is aweary now.

Behind The Mountains

Behind the mountains, behind the woods,
Małgorzatka dances with the Hussars,

Father called, Mother called
"Come home, Małgorzatka",

"I'm not coming, you go on,
I want to dance with the Hussars,

Oy, I won't go, I'm frightened,
I drank so much with the Hussars
I am barely standing,

I'm wearing my silk bodice and golden earrings,
I'll dance with the whole regiment."

She sent a bird out into the grey skies
To tell her a message with his song:

I'm not coming home.

Małgorzatka danced
Until she became old.

When the chill of winter blows right through you
You'll wish you'd listened to what your
Mother told you.

Dame La Mano

Dame la mano, palomba,
Para subir a tu nido,
Para ver tu lindo enshuenyo
Onde t'echas a durmir.

Yo me echo en kama alta,
Tu debaxo el xanixik,
Pobereto de mansebos,
Ke murió detras de mi.

Si la mar era de leche
Y los barcos de kanela,
Yo me mancharía entera
Por salvar la tu bandiera.

Give Me Your Hand

Give me your hand, dove,
To climb up to your nest,
So I may watch you in sweet reverie
Where you lie down to sleep.

I lie in a lofty bed,
You beneath the window,
Poor boy,
Who died in pursuit of me.

If the sea were made of milk
And the boats of cinnamon,
I would defile myself
To defend your honour.

Arvoles Lloran Por Lluvias

Arvoles lloran por lluvias
Y montañas por aire,
Ansí lloran los mis ojos
Por tí querido amante.

Enfrente de mí hay un ándjelo
Kon tus ojos me mira,
Hablar quero y non puedo,
Mi corazon sospira.

Blanca sos, blanca vistes,
Blanca tu figura
Blancas flores caien de tí,
De la tu hermozura.

Torno y digo – que va a ser de mi?
En tierras ajenas yo me vo morir.

The Trees Weep For Rain

The trees weep for rain
And the mountains for air,
So weep my eyes
For you, my love.

Before me an angel
Gazes at me with your eyes,
I want to speak but cannot,
My heart sighs.

You are bright, dressed in white,
A luminous figure,
White flowers fall from you,
From your beauty.

I turn and ask – what is to become of me?
I will die in foreign lands.

Recorded June 2023
Auditorio Stelio Molo RSI, Lugano
Engineer: Stefano Amerio
Liner photos: Caterina Di Perri,
Monika Jakubowska (p. 3)
Design: Sascha Kleis
Produced by Manfred Eicher

An ECM Production

Fred Thomas plays a vielle built by Fabio Galgani, Italy

Cover painting: Emmanuel Barcilon,
courtesy Rosenfeld Porcini Gallery, London

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